When Does it Matter

Darek walked as the world ended. Whether it was the second coming of Christ, Armageddon, or a nuclear war he did not know nor care. All he did was walk. The screams of friends and family eroded his senses, and he walked. Others ran, stupid. They could not escape it, that he knew. But to run towards it was insanity itself. To run away, stupid. To run towards, insanity. To stay still, impossible even for the most levelheaded of individuals. So Derek walked. He considered thinking about his life, but there was really not much to think about. The world was ending after all. He was going to die, at the ripe old age of 23. He wanted a beer. He wanted a wife. He wanted to sit down. His legs hurt, the heat almost unbearable. He almost turned around, and faced death with a smile. Stupid, he'd decided against that already. Hey. He turned, and saw someone walking beside him. An old woman. He faltered a step. She kept walking. He quickly caught up. Stupid, how could he stop? He asked her name. She asked if it mattered. He replied no, and she said her name was Annie. They walked together. She asked him if it was going to be ok. He said he didn't know, and she asked again. This time, he said yes. She looked at him as if she knew he was lying. He was lying. She told him Death comes for all of us. It was just their time. He looked at her bitterly, and she looked at him simply. Neither one of them spoke a word as they kept walking. As the wall of fire encased them, she said something to him. He didn't hear it. As his consciousness faded he wished he could have known what she said.